

As You Like It, Act 3, Scene 5

ROSALIND:

Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life,
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship ...

But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can: you are not for all markets.

As You Like It, Act 2, Scene 7

DUKE SENIOR

Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

JAQUES

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

As You Like It, Act 3, Scene 5

Silvius: Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe.
Say that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck¹⁶⁵⁵
But first begs pardon. Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Phoebe: I would not be thy executioner:
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;
Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

As You Like It, Act 1, Scene 1

Orlando: As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth, for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it

As You Like It, Key Quotes

Well said, that was laid on with a trowel.
(Celia, Act 1 Scene 2)

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother,
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother
(Orlando, Act 1 Scene 2)

Now go we in content/To liberty, and not to
banishment.
(Celia, Act 1, Scene 3)

O, how full of briars is this working-day world!
(Rosalind, Act 1 Scene 3)

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.
(Rosalind, Act 1 Scene 3)

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.
(Adam, Act 2 Scene 3)

In thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sighed upon a midnight pillow.
(Silvius, Act 2 Scene 4)

We that are true lovers run into strange capers.
(Touchstone, Act 2 Scene 4)

Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.
(Rosalind, Act 2 Scene 4)

Under the greenwood tree...
(Amiens, Act 2 Scene 5)

I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool.
(Jaques, Act 2 Scene 7)

And thereby hangs a tale.
(Jaques, Act 2 Scene 7)

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
(Amiens (Act 2, Scene 7)

All the world's a stage
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages.
(Jaques, Act 2 Scene 7)

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
(Amiens, Act 2 Scene 7)

Do you not know I am a woman? When I think, I
must speak.
(Rosalind, Act 3 Scene 2)

Love is merely a madness and, I tell you, deserves as
well a dark house and a whip as madmen do, and the
reason why they are not so punish'd and cured is that
the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love
too.
(Rosalind, Act 3 Scene 2)

Time travels in diverse paces with diverse persons I'll
tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots
withal, who time gallops withal, and who he stands
still withal.
(Rosalind, Act 3 Scene 2)

Time travels in diverse paces with diverse persons.
I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots
withal, who time gallops withal, and who he stands
still withal.
Rosalind (Act 3, Scene 2)

Down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love.
(Rosalind, Act 3 Scene 5)

I pray you do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine.
(Rosalind, Act 3 Scene 5)

Forever and a day.
(Orlando, Act 4 Scene 1)

The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man
knows himself to be a fool.
(Touchstone, Act 5 Scene 1)

O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness
through another man's eyes!
(Orlando, Act 5 Scene 2)

Your brother and my sister no sooner met but they
looked, no sooner looked but they loved, no sooner
loved but they sighed.
(Rosalind, Act 5, Scene 2)